



LYRICS WRITTEN ON THE LIBERATION OF BARRETT

Air—'The Peeler and the Goat'

Down Ormond Quay as I did stray,
All in the summer season O,
My heart with joy it gave a leap—
The news it was so pleasing O,
Now Captain Lambert lost the day
Indeed he's nicely fitted O,
Hurrah my boys for justice still
Young Barrett is acquitted O.

CHORUS

Thank Heaven, Butt and the Jury too
The news is great and glorious O,
Their evidence was knock'd to rage
Young Barrett is victorious O

Old Erin's Sons was tried three times
In Galway and in Dublin too,
Some thought poor Barrett would have swung
But now his foes are shuck and blue
Eleven long months in prison he lay,
Enough to rack the creature O,
All through his colours never changed
I vendid his Irish features O.

The trial gloriously came off
Indeed it was alarming O,
To shoot Captain Lambert it appears—
Some one used fire Arms O,
For which poor Barrett he was took,
And tried upon suspicion O,
An honest Jury is most grand
It's rich there's no conviction O

But Barrett was respected well,
In London and in Ireland O,
Young and old rich and poor,
His conduct all admired O,
His character was grand indeed,
In it lay nothing filthy O,
Signs on it the jury returned soon,
A verdict of not guilty O,

Of honest parents Barrett came,
All Irish descendants O,
In vain upon brave Councillor Butt,
He put not his rependence O,
He dragged him out though lock'd up fast
With eloquence like thunder O,
Success attend brave Counselor Butt,
He smash'd their locks asunder O,

Their locks and keys he threw aside,
The law he soon expounded O
And every foe of Barrett's now,
He nobly did confound them O,
With talent rich and speech sublime,
He free'd his client clever O,
Long may he live to wear the gown,
Brave Butt he is a ripper O

P. Barrett, Yr. H. L. (1848)